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MARJORIE'S FAITH

By John Elkins
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"I will never marry a man unless he can support me decently," said Helen with firm decision.

"Oh, well, of course," temporized Marjorie, "a man ought to be able to earn a living—but there might come times when he could lose his position, or something—and you know you're making money enough to tide over such times."

"I'm doing fairly well with my designing, but it wouldn't be anything very sumptuous for two. Of course, in such a case I would be willing to work for two. But I wouldn't want it to get into a chronic state of happening."

"But Jerry Wade is so talented. He is bound to do something big yet."

"He's a dreamer," said Helen. "I'd like to see him do something, anything—if it wasn't so 'big.'"

"Well, he's had two stories accepted."

"Paid for?" asked Helen.

"Yes indeed, \$50 for the second. It was beautiful. He has two out now."

"Have they been accepted?"

"Not yet," answered Marjorie, "but they will be."

"Perhaps they will and perhaps they won't. Meanwhile how long can a man live on \$50?"

"Well, he does live," rejoined Marjorie, somewhat exasperated. "I think he does some other writing, and he is trying for a position on a magazine or in some publishing house."

"Well, he'd better. A man must have something regular to depend upon."

"It's strange you don't have more faith in Jerry when you know—"

..... sed with a wistful look in her large, soft eyes: Marjorie's eyes were but one beautiful feature in a distinctly plain little face with a wide

brow and a tiny chin quite out of proportion with each other. The other girl of much larger mold, an abundance of dark hair, fine natural color in the well-modeled cheek and mouth with its alluring curves, was undeniably good to look upon.

"When I know what?" asked the other.

The wistful look went out of Mar-



Told Her Some Great, Good News.

..... jorie's eyes and something like fury took its place.

"Oh, you know well enough! You just want to make me say it! You know he's up to his ears in love with you."

"Well, yes, he has said so," calmly answered Helen.

"And you don't care for him the least bit."

"Oh, yes I do—but I am out of patience with his shillyshallying. If he would only get something to do."